

DEATH BY FIRE.

Hundreds of People Burned in Minnesota Caught and Cremated as Though in a Furnace.

Town of Hinckley and Its Citizens Destroyed. Sought to Escape by Flight to the Swamps

A Railroad Train Runs Into the Burning Forest and is Set Afire by Flying Embers.

RACE WITH THE FLAMES.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 2.—The forest fires that are sweeping Minnesota have caused an awful loss of life, the full extent of which cannot be known for several days and perhaps not for weeks.

The town of Hinckley, Minn., about half way between this city and Duluth, is the worst sufferer, but many towns in that vicinity have been burned.

A passenger train which approached Hinckley and was compelled to back five miles on account of the flames caught fire from flying embers and was consumed. The passengers took refuge in a swamp, but were there made prisoners by the fire.

A few of the passengers secured a hand car and made the run through the burning town. They were badly burned. They describe the scenes as sad in the extreme.

A special to the Pioneer Press from Pine City, Minn., says that the estimate of the dead is as follows:

Hinckley, 200.
Sandstone, 46.
Sandstone Junction, 25.
Pokegama, 25.
Skunk Lake, 20.
Miscellaneous, 30.
Total, 355.

The walls of the schoolhouse, the iron fence about the town hall property, the bank vault and one absolutely uninjured outhouse is all that is left to mark the site of Hinckley, where yesterday stood a score of store buildings and a dozen times as many dwelling-houses.

THE BURNING OF HINCKLEY.

The story of the catastrophe which wiped out the material possessions that had made Hinckley a busy, prosperous little city is a short one. The town was built of wood. The schoolhouse, erected last year at a cost of \$100,000, and one-half the Duluth roundhouse were the only brick structures in the city. By one of those peculiar freaks for which there is no accounting, the Eastern Minnesota roundhouse and water tank on the southwestern edge of the town, almost in the woods, escaped the flames, a circumstance the more remarkable from the fact that it stood directly in the path of the flames which seem to have jumped it as cleanly as if playing leap-frog.

All yesterday forenoon the townspeople were apprehensive. The smoke rolling up from the south told a story unmistakably plain to those accustomed to a wooded country. The fire kept advancing, fanned by the wind which was blowing a gale. About 11 o'clock the fire company got out their engine and laid an 1,800-foot line of hose to the southern outskirts of the town. The hose was all too short for the measure of protection desired and a telegram was sent to Rush City for more. Five hundred feet was sent, but it never reached Hinckley.

The main part of the village lies in the North Fork made by the crossing of the Duluth on eastern tracks, the latter to the east and the former to the west. On the west side of the Duluth tracks were a few small houses belonging to the railway employees. The firemen's attention was directed to keeping the fire away from them, as the main business part of the city was built in solidly just across the tracks.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the fire literally jumped into the town. Its approach was not gradual. It did not eat its way along, devouring everything in its path, but came in huge waves, as if to overtake everything fleeing from it, and then burned back at its leisure. It is described by those who witnessed its onward progress at Hinckley and elsewhere as if it were forced along by cyclones of its own generation. The intense heat would develop a veritable whirlwind of flame that actually twisted off poplar trees several inches in thickness and carried huge blazing firebrands high in the air, and, carrying them forward for from 40 to 80 rods, to fall and begin the work of devastation anew.

SOME ESCAPE BY TRAIN.

The first train struck Hinckley on the east side of the Duluth track and the brave firefighters for the first time gave up the unequal battle, and, already too late in many instances, turned their attention to their personal safety.

The Eastern Minnesota train from the south had just come in and the people of the panic-stricken town flocked to it for safety. A number of box cars were coupled on and filled and covered with men, women and children. Some were bare-headed; some were costless; some few clutched a pitiful bundle of the more precious of their portable possessions. Families were separated. Children joined the throng and left parents. In all there was a motley crowd of about

450 or more people. The train pulled out just ahead of the fire and succeeded in ultimately reaching Duluth. This circumstance, while fortunate in a degree that cannot be estimated, has made the confusion greater, for it is not known who escaped in this way, and many people are reported dead who may be in safety. Had not this number of people, largely women and children, left the doomed city when they did, the loss of life would have increased in a geometrical ratio, for their presence would have added immeasurably to the subsequent confusion.

About the same hour the accommodation train on the Hinckley and St. Cloud branch left for the latter place with about 25 passengers. Its path lay directly across the path of the fire and their situation speedily became desperate. The ties were burning, the rails were warping and the trestles were sagging under the train. The smoke had increased so that the engineer was helpless. He could not see the train behind him. Burning trees lay across the track and were being tossed aside by the engine. Suddenly the track gave way and the train toppled off to one side. No one was injured and they pressed on to Pokegama Station, a few rods ahead.

But a few feet in front of the engine was discovered a gorge 60 feet wide and 40 feet deep, where the trestle had been burning away. They succeeded in reaching the clearing at the station and escaped with a few burns and bruises. There were burned along the track, however, four or five people, including Dr. Kelley, of New Brighton, who had come up to look after his brother.

DEATH IN THE SWAMP.

The people who were left in the city were in what seemed to be an almost hopeless condition. Egress by the only means of transportation that could hope to distance the swiftly advancing flames was out of the question. The men had been fighting the fire for hours and the women and children were in a panic-stricken condition. Many of them were of the ignorant of the population, for a very large percentage of the people who got out on the Great Northern Railroad were of the more intelligent class. Horses were harnessed to buggies and wagons. Women and children were hurriedly loaded. In some cases attempts were made to carry of some household goods, but in most instances the people had no thought for aught but their lives.

Probably 200 of them left town on foot or in vehicles, plunging into the woods to the north, across the Grindstone river, which skirts the town on the north. They were literally fleeing before the pursuing demon of fire.

Over the hill that rises beyond the Grindstone is a swamp, and to this most of the people with teams headed, but it proved no protection. The fire gave them no opportunity to go further. Some abandoned their teams and ran in to the lower portions of the morass, but the fire sought them out. Not one was left to tell the tale, and there this morning, in a space of a little more than five acres, were counted over 130 corpses. There were many families of five, six and seven, and there they lay, the man generally a little in advance, the mother surrounded by her little ones, cut off by the most horrible of deaths.

Nearly all the bodies were nude, the fire having burned every vestige of their clothing and blackened and charred many of the corpses beyond recognition, and where whole families were wiped out, as they were, and some of the bodies completely incinerated, identification is absolutely out of the question.

Those who fled to the north on foot followed the Duluth track, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that many of them were actually burned as they fled, falling on the right-of-way for a distance of three miles or more. Nearly 30 bodies were recovered along here.

THOSE WHO REMAINED.

Some of the foremost of the escaping citizens met Duluth train coming in from the north. It was due at Hinckley at 4:05. Engineer Jim Root was at the throttle. He stopped the train and took on board about 135 of the refugees, who crowded into the train, completely filling it, for it had a passenger list almost as large. By this time the woods were blazing on each side of the track, and as the engineer reversed his engine and started back the cars cracked in the heat. Root ran the train back about three miles to Skunk Lake, and the people escaped from the burning cars to the water.

The people who remained in Hinckley fared the best of all. The Eastern Minnesota tracks mark the eastern edge of the city proper. Just beyond the road own a tract of land embracing at least 10 acres. It was purchased for a gravel pit

THE SMALLEST IS THE BEST.

There are a dozen well-known liver pills, but only one so effective that it can be guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money be refunded. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are smaller, but better than the huge, old-fashioned pill, the medicinal agents are refined and concentrated.

Every one suffers, at some time or other, from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headaches, Sick and Nervous Stomach, if you take these Pellets they are easy to take, and act in a natural way without shocking the system. They're easy to carry, because they are put up in little glass vials. They're the cheapest, because guaranteed to give satisfaction. Remember, that Dr. Pierce's Pellets are pleasant to take, pleasant in action, perfect in effect. Keep this in mind and you solve the problem of good health and good living.

to furnish material for filling up the approach to the company's bridge across the Grindstone and at other points on its line. To the fact that it had been used for this purpose, almost to its exhaustion about a hundred Hinckleyites owe their lives. The whole area indicated had been excavated to a depth in the center of 30 or 40 feet. There was a stagnant pool of rain water in the center three feet at the greatest depth. The pit was wide and deep, and to it fled those of the citizens who were willing to trust to its friendly depths. There were, probably a hundred of them. It was really the safest place about Hinckley. Here they remained for hours, while the smoke and flames from the burning city rolled over their heads. They dashed water over each other and covered their heads with wet cloths to prevent suffocation. One unknown man succumbed to smoke, fell in the water and was drowned. Others of the citizens sought refuge in the Grindstone river, under the abutments of the two railway bridges, and at the foot bridge.

The exact number cannot be known, as they were scattered along a considerable stretch of the little stream. That many escaped and some were drowned is well known. Mrs. Martinson and her four little babes were taken, drowned, from the water this morning, as pitiful a sight as man's eye ever witnessed.

In the meantime Hinckley was burning with the utmost rapidity, and in a few hours nothing was left but ruins. The total loss to the city will exceed \$1,600,000, with a comparatively light insurance.

AN NIGHT CAME.

As night closed in the people began to come out from their hiding places and made their way over the hot embers of their city. They were absolutely dazed by the catastrophe, and the night was spent in an endeavor to find relatives or ascertain their whereabouts. Communication with the outer world was cut off for hours as completely as if they were on a desert island. The fire had spent its force, but the air was filled with smoke, through which gleamed the dull blaze of smoldering fire in the more substantial stock of goods. The huge heaves of coal which marked the location of the Duluth coal sheds were blazing and by the fitful light, people wandered about picking out the places where, but six hours before, their happy homes had stood.

The fact that so many had escaped by train added to the anxiety of those whose friends and relatives were not to be found, while it furnished, at the same time, a basis for hope that they were in safety.

When the morning broke a few energetic spirits began to organize the work of the recovery of the bodies. J. W. Sargent, a passenger conductor on the Duluth road, got into Hinckley during the night and he organized a volunteer crew, which manned two hand cars, whose capacity was increased by the use of a plank. They went up the Duluth track to the north and picked up 31 bodies between the river and Skunk Lake. The bodies were wrapped up in blankets and such clothing as could be obtained and laid out by the side of the track where the depot had stood.

Here also were brought the two little sons of Tom Henderson—Sandy and Johnny, the corpses of Mrs. Martinson and her four children, Mrs. Blanchard and her two children, who were burned to death just above the Duluth roundhouse and the man Lambeson, who was found near the Martinson party.

Citizen volunteers harnessed up the available vehicles saved in the gravel pit, and went out to the swamp across the Grindstone. They brought in 90 bodies, which were carried out to the desolate burying ground, a mile east of town.

A HORRIBLE BURIAL.

There was neither time nor opportunity to observe the sacred formalities usually surrounding death. The excitement of the occasion, the horrible experience through which the living had passed, and the more horrible form in which death had come to the lost, had temporarily blunted the finer sensibilities and the dead were heaped high on the wagons and laid in piles at the cemetery, among the smoking embers and stumps that surrounded God's acre. It was a gruesome sight.

Dr. D. W. Cowan, the coroner, who was here, and everywhere, in general supervision, directed the digging of two huge pits, 24 by 12 feet, in which the interment will be made to-morrow.

One of the saddest features of the calamity is the impossibility of identification in such a large proportion of the cases. The 90 bodies brought into this point were examined by many of the surviving residents of Hinckley and but four could be identified—Charles Anderson, Axel Hanson, Dennis Riley and Mrs. Wm. Ginder. The balance will have to be buried together.

In the indefiniteness of the arrangements, and it seemed impossible otherwise under the circumstances, due regard was not paid to a proper separate preservation of articles found on the bodies, and the last chance of identification was lost. Those who brought in the bodies from the swamp reported that there were at least 35 other bodies out there which cannot be brought in until morning.

Out on the government road, to the east was found the Best family of six persons, father, mother and four children. Best was a prosperous farmer living just out of town. Here also were recovered the bodies of the three unfortunate creatures who lived at the stock-

ade. There were six of these women in all. They escaped to their river, but three returned to carry out a trunk and were overtaken by the flames.

Near Skunk Lake was found a family consisting of father, mother and seven children. Of another family, in which there were five children, only the father escaped.

There was a settlement of about 30 people near this lake, and but two are known to be alive.

SAVED BY MIRACLES.

Marvelous escapes were numerous. John H. Anderson started out by team with his wife and three children. Just across the river the horses were overcome by the smoke. They left the wagon and started off on foot, quickly becoming separated. The father, mother and the daughter, Emily, died in the swamp. Charles and his little 12-year-old brother struggled for the Duluth track. The latter fell in a ditch and was too exhausted to rise. He lay there all night and this morning made his way to the track, finding the dead body of his brother but a few feet from where he had been saved. The other daughter had been saved. The other daughter was on the eastern train to Duluth.

One family, consisting of a man, his wife and four little children and the wife's brother, crawled out on a boom in the river, where they remained all night. They made their way to Hinckley this afternoon and came down to Pine City, where they now are, none the worse for their experience.

A few miles below Hinckley stands the miracle of the fire, a claim shanty belonging to Frank Baumeier, the Duluth section foreman. It was covered with ragged builders' paper and presented a most inviting opportunity for the flames, which raged close about it on all sides. There it stands, uninjured. The paper is not even scorched. In the same vicinity stands a grove of twisted poplar trees almost stripped of their branches, an evidence of the cyclonic peculiarity of the fire.

CASKETS AND PINE COFFINS.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon the work train from St. Paul reached Hinckley with Undertaker O'Halloran and his 32 caskets. He went quickly to work upon the 31 corpses beside the track. A close inspection of these bodies was kept, and every fragment of clothing, jewelry and anything else that could lead to identification was carefully preserved. The work progressed rapidly and by evening the bodies were all wrapped up and laid away in the caskets and returned to Pine City. A last effort to identify them will be made in the morning.

Assistant General Manager Miller, who arrived here at an early hour yesterday morning, and whose labors had been as efficient as indefatigable, sent up a car load of lumber and a force of carpenters, who went to work knocking together rough boxes, which will be used as far as possible at the cemetery.

A party of Hinckley people, consisting of M. L. Elsomore, of the Brennan Lumber Company, Prof. Collins, of the Hinckley schools, and others, was fishing at Grindstone Lake. They were out in a skiff, but were warned of the approach of the fire by the noise, which was like that of a cyclone. They ran into the shore at the southwest end of the lake and warned a lot of settlers who were back in the woods, getting together a party of about 18 down by the lake. The fire struck the lake at their end, ran along the shore about half a mile and then jumped the lake in a diagonal direction at a point where it was not less than a mile across. Mr. Elsomore says the fire went across that distance in two bursts of flame with lightning rapidity. This illustrates as well as anything the way in which the fire progressed. At the other end of the lake was a lumber camp, where the men had a bateau. Between 20 and 30 settlers were rescued in this boat.

Peculiar to Itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself, in a strictly medicinal sense, in three important particulars, viz: first, in the combination of remedial agents used; second, in the proportion in which they are mixed; third, in the process by which the active curative properties of the preparation are secured. These three important points make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar in its medicinal merit, as it accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

But it is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. What Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others is reason for confidence that it is the medicine for you.

A Quick Revival.

A year ago Edward Atkinson, one of our clearest-sighted observers of trade and production, predicted that when obstacles were removed our revival from the panic of 1893 would be rapid beyond any precedent to be found in history of other depressions.

Mr. Atkinson's last article does not renew the prophecy in any more words, but it recites the industrial powers which will enable us to quickly restore activity and prosperity.

Signs of the times confirm the prediction. Scarcely was the tariff bill passed when orders began to pour in on the manufacturers and wholesalers. The people as a mass have been saving and working during the past year. There is plenty of ambitious labor in the country and plenty of materials for it to work upon. Commerce will be more active than ever. Scores of investments made in the period between 1893 and 1894 will begin now, after their term of trial, to be profitable.

Our revival will astonish the rest of the world. The stride the United States are about to take will be the longest on record. We have the vitality and we have been in hard training—St. Louis Republic.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

TOBINSPOORT.

Warm and dusty.
Hugh Weatherholt is going to have a drive well.

Tobin Leaf is taking music lessons over in Cloverport.

Q. K. Groves and son, Tobin, are baling hay and straw.

Miss Corda Connor has returned to her home near Derby.

Mrs. G. B. Shore has returned to her home in Louisville.

Mr. Everett Cockeral is going to Frankfort to school.

Dr. David White, of Stephensport, is visiting his parents at this place.

Mrs. Kate Ackerman and family, of Rome, were visiting Tom Leaf, last week. Quite a number of young folks, from this place, went to Tar Springs Sunday week.

Mr. C. C. Whitehead, who has been home on a vacation, has returned to his work in Kansas.

Mr. Samuel Rice, of Tar Fork, Ky., and Miss Alice McGren were united in marriage, Sunday week.

The M. E. church has been repaired and looks very nice. Dave stays with it, all the same, since it is finished.

Rube Halkins still wears his straw hat. I wonder what he will do without it this winter; I suppose he got a felt one just like it.

In all that goes to strengthen and build up the system weakened by disease and pain, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the superior medicine. It neutralizes the poisons left in the system after diphtheria and scarlet fever, and restores the debilitated patient to perfect health and vigor.

Nature's Poet.

EMMETT LOGAN, like nature as it is down in his neck of the woods, intimates that he only allows a slight intermission between drinks, and that, as the fine crops of corn and vegetables stand, so does he stand, a swift witness to the recurrent kindness of heaven. EMMETT always combines some chaste lay with the birth and death of spring or summer. He plants the laughing soil with the vernal bloom of his spring fancy and the gaudy melodies of his eternal madrigals. Veritably does he partake in the rejoicing of nature with heaven and earth. Without loads of weather EMMETT would be without poetry. We have much reason to be thankful for the weather. Ye Gods Olympian, let her rain once more and give EMMETT another chance. Pale not the glories of his fairy strains nor in the glowing cave of his capacious brain the Aladdin lamp of genius put out by sending any more drouths. It is only when it rains that we enjoy the wondrous touch of this real poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies with his garland and singing robes about him, who always in circumstances like these, acquits himself of such notes as drew iron tears down Pluto's grimy cheeks—Covington Commonwealth.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and had a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky., and Kincheloe & Board, Hardinsburg, Ky.

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Empire Challies worth 7 1/2, our	Fancy Gingham worth 12 1/2	our
price	price	7 1/2c.
One lot wove filling Dress Goods	See our picture frames for 25c, 50c	
worth 10 and 15c our price	and 98c.	
24 sheets good note paper	One lot silk finished Suspenders	
12 Lead pencils for	worth 25c for	15c.
4 papers tacks	If you need Clothing, it will pay	
Good purse worth 15c for	you to see us.	
Good heavy blacking brush worth	We invite you to visit us.	
25c for		10c.

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